

## Bay State Rank for Nurses

MASSACHUSETTS is bestowing the rank of second lieutenant on nurses accepted for work within the State. They receive \$1,800 per year and hold their rank in the State Guard. They are chosen through the Council of National Defense.

## The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY  
Violet Urges Tweedledum to Run Away With Her, Saying She'll Risk Everything.

### Part One—(Continued)

"There!" She handed him the check. "You can cash it in the morning, and don't run up gambling debts again, George. I let you do so in the future." Her tone was playful. "Now, don't I deserve a kiss?" She lifted her face, and he stooped and kissed her. Apparently she thought the salute a cold one, for she pouted a little.

"Now, I've got some good news for you, George," she said, after a moment, as she seated herself by his side on the sofa, nestling as close to him as she could. "Something which will please you, dear."

"You've just done something to please me, Vi." He spoke a little suspiciously. "You've been very sweet and kind. What more can you have to tell me?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked, archly, with a gentle pressure of his hand.

"No, really, I can't." He was afraid of guessing.

"Oh, you silly boy!" Tweedledum hated this mode of address. "Then I must tell you. The fact is I've been thinking about things. You tried to dissuade me from divorcing my husband—you remember saying that it would be just as effective if he could be got to live somewhere apart from me; but I wouldn't hear of it then, did you not want to ruin my reputation, and nothing short of divorce and subsequent marriage with you would satisfy me. But all that's impossible now. After what has happened there cannot very well be a question of divorce on my side."

"George, 'Didn't Want to Do It.'"

"No," said Tweedledum. He fidgeted restlessly with his feet, divining what was coming. He no longer had any wish to link his life with that of this woman—unless she would give him control of her estate. If she would do this—well, perhaps, in a year's time it would be possible to make some excuse for leaving her, and he had little wait for him if he made use of his full powers of persuasion.

"It's evident that my new conquest would not marry," he said. "Pangbourne is more likely to be long-lived than I am, and a healthy life is interrupted."

"Then," she cried triumphantly, "I have made up my mind to do what you have always begged me to do. This sort of life that we are leading now is most unsatisfactory. I want you all to myself, George—and I'm jealous of other women, especially one woman. So, my dear boy, I'm going to risk everything and give myself to you. Let us go away together and be all in all to each other."

She turned to him in expectation of enthusiastic response. It had cost her not a little to come to this decision; it was like a stone cast at society, the god which she had set up for herself. But Tweedledum's face was not illumined with the delight which she had expected to see there. On the contrary, his lips tightened and his forehead wrinkled into a frown.

Carried away, however, by the excitement of her scheme, Violet hardly noticed this. She only felt that the pressure of the man's hands on her own had not relaxed. Probably he had hardly realized the full extent of her sacrifice.

"Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

"Yes," she went on, "we will go away together—to Italy for choice. Oh, you chose—well, when you took that villa at Orta, for no one will know us there or ask any questions, and there will be no scandal. We can make Orta our home; we shall want nothing but each other—and you will never leave me, will you? I am sick and tired of New York, though I learned to love society—but I give it all up for you. There will be no dissipation, though, George, dear, and no gambling—that is what you must give up for me. We can live as luxuriously as ever you please, and I will give you all the money you want—you will only have to ask me. But I know it is not the money you think of—but me—me, and George, it is myself I am giving you!"

Her head sank upon his shoulder. She expected to be taken in his arms and kissed and caressed. She closed her eyes in expectation.

But Tweedledum sat erect and unresponsive. What a picture she had painted! An idyllic country life for him, whose very soul was the breath of a city. An intermittent life of peacefulness—quite in harmony, perhaps, with the lazy habits which she had cultivated—but for him? And he would have to ask her for every penny he needed; she would keep him tied to her by refusing to supply him with funds to go away. He began to tell himself that he had indeed had an escape if it was to that he would have been destined had he married Violet. He understood very clearly why she had so readily drawn him that large check. The figure of a pretty, fair girl with curly golden hair and a timid, obedient manner rose before him.

"Don't You Love Me?" She asked.

to jeer at Violet for understanding him so little after all these years. What fools women were!

After a moment Violet, disappointed at her expectation, raised her head; then, for the first time, she realized the man's stolid, sullen expression.

"George," she cried in sudden alarm, "you are not pleased? Don't you love me?"

It was difficult for him, ready of tongue as he usually was, to find words to say. He had not expected this situation, and had not prepared for it. Their recent meetings had been marked by jealous reproaches on the part of the woman, a tightening of her purse-strings—evidently she had done this with the intention of making him more dependent upon her. And it had all been to lead up to this! She had never doubted his love for her, never dreamed that he would not sacrifice, if she called upon him to do so, his own manner of life for the sake of her constant companionship, never realized that the scheme which she had been maturing in her own mind was one which might not meet with his instant approval.

Men are less constant than women, more easily satisfied. The Violet of today was not the same woman to whom George Tweedledum had once vowed undying affection. He had worked for her, schemed for her, and in these days, to do him justice, he had desired the woman as much as her money. But gradually he had come to look upon the woman as a necessity to be accepted with her money. He was changed for him as he had never changed for her. The years which had passed had left him unaltered in her eyes, and she could not grasp the fact that her own power of charm had waned.

"George could not tell a lie."

"George," she repeated, and her voice was like a low wail. "I thought you would be pleased. I have been looking forward so much to telling you this and hearing you say that you are glad. Is it not what we have schemed and plotted for—wickedly plotted for—all these years? It was you who advised me to marry Pangbourne, you who told me how to secure the money to myself. You shall divorce him!"

She said, and then she will marry. Later on you wanted me without the divorce. Now you may have what you desire—and you are not pleased. What is it? Don't you love me? Is there some one you love better?"

The last words rang out with the sting of jealousy.

"No, no, Vi," he faltered. "Of course, I'm pleased, and—and there's nothing I should like better. But it's a very radical step that you propose, and I hardly like to tear myself away from New York association altogether. For a man like me—"

"Then it's true," she exclaimed, "true that there is some one else, some one from whom you do not like to part. Oh, George!"

Upon the exclamation his name she burst into hysterical tears.

"Can the waterworks," he said.

Now if there was one thing that irritated Tweedledum more than anything else was a woman who was torn. Once more Violet had taken absolutely the wrong course to influence the man in the direction of her desire.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't turn on the waterworks," he said, roughly. "I tell you, Violet, that nothing is less likely to affect me than that. I'm not that kind of a man. He was a fool, who said that tears were woman's strongest weapon."

But Violet could not stay her sobbing. "You do not love me," she sobbed.

"You won't understand," he said. He had relinquished her hands now and they had drawn apart from each other. It seems to me, Violet, that after all these years you ought to understand me better. We're not just a silly boy and girl to play at sentiment. I have my own interests to think of—as well as of this love that you are talking about. Love is all very well in its proper place, but I'm not fool enough to throw up everything for you."

"I promised you your fortune—why? You don't suppose that I was purely disinterested, do you? No, I expected to enjoy it later on, with you. And now, after years of waiting, you propose to convert me into a sort of lapdog, whom you will reward with a meal if he has been good. Do you think I'm the sort of man to put up with that? Not I. I've always been ready either to marry you or to go away with you—as you suggest we should do—but it is on the condition that I control your finances. If you don't care for that—well, you've made me waste an unpleasant amount of time, and I shall just have to look around for something else—that's all."

"Will you—?" He asked Frankly.

He spoke with brutal frankness. He might have modified his speech if her tears had not irritated him. She hardly appreciated all he said, for she was leaning over the side of the sofa, and sobbing painfully. She had taken a delicate piece of embroidery, which hung over a cushion, into her hands, and was crushing it up between her fingers; at last she drew it out, crumpled and shapeless, to the floor. Violet was paying now for all the pain she had inflicted upon her husband.

"I thought you loved me," she moaned, "but you don't. You don't. Oh, man, I never to know what it is to be loved!"

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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## Another Installment of "The Wolves of New York" on This Page



# Magazine Page



## Motherhood an Inspiration to a Career

Mrs. Charles de Loosy

Oelrichs, noted suffrage leader, has time for her little girl and her work, too.

By Margery Rex.

THE old fiction that motherhood is a hindrance to a career is being discredited more and more every day. Some of the cleverest women of the time, in all walks of life, are proud to declare that children give to them an inspiration unknown in their unmarried days.

Among these is Mrs. Charles de Loosy Oelrichs, of New York and Newport, whose work in the cause of suffrage has won her a nationwide recognition.

Her original and efficient work in war relief activities and unselfish effort in the work of the Red Cross entitle her to rank prominently among the women of high social position, beauty and wealth who prefer to give their time to the useful things of life rather than the butterfly atmosphere. Not only has she earned the right to be considered a useful woman, but she has a leading place in tasks designed to benefit and uplift the fortunate.

Mrs. Oelrichs, who was Miss Marjory Turnbull, has an ample fortune of her own. Her husband has called forth the encomiums of famous artists and sculptors. Her simplicity and charm of manner have made her a favorite in the young married set.

Mrs. Oelrichs has been a constant worker for the Duryea War Relief and has taken a leading part in caring for the refugee children of the stricken countries abroad. Her little daughter has been doing her part by making gun-wipers for the soldiers. Little Miss Oelrichs and her friends have formed an organization which is devoted entirely to this purpose.

The Oelrichs family is known socially and financially from coast to coast and on the continent. They maintain homes in New York, Newport, Palm Beach, and in each of these places Mrs. Oelrichs' activities have been notable. She has done important work for the relief of the poor wherever the social setting for the time held her family.

## Their Married Life

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"AREN'T you ready yet?"

"Listen, who was vainly trying to hurry, in the midst of dressing suddenly broke her shoe string."

"What's the matter now?" asked Warren, coming in. "Good heavens, what have you been doing since I was here last time? You were dressed that far long ago."

"My shoe string just broke and I haven't another pair."

"What's the matter with your new shoes? Now that it's the weather for low shoes you're wearing high ones. You women are certainly so timid."

"My low shoes are at the repair shop."

"Have you only one pair?"

Helen turned from the glass determinedly. "Now, see here, Warren, if you're going to cross-examine me this way, I'll never be ready."

"On all right but will be so late that there won't be any use of going at all." And Warren proceeded to dress.

Helen proceeded to dress. She got out her second best pumps and slipped them on with a careful look at her feet which she liked to see at their best when she went out anywhere, and then she went to the closet for her taffeta dress.

It hung on the hanger fresh from the cleaners and Helen shook it out lightly and slipped it over her head. Half the hooks and eyes were off, but with a reckless disregard for how things looked underneath, Helen stuck it on in whatever they were needed. At last she was ready and she thought with a sigh of relief as she viewed herself in the mirror. No what was that? As she lifted her arm, a space of white flesh showed alarmingly.

The sleeve is torn out," she gasped aloud, and in her throat. Then, as she began to get out of

Mrs. Oelrichs and her daughter caught by the camera on Fifth avenue.



## A Narrative of Everyday Affairs

get your clothes ready a day in advance, so that we can keep an appointment, let me know."

Helen slipped into a kimono and sat down by the window to let her nerves calm down. The evening breeze swept in and ruffled the curtains. Everything was strangely quiet, and a feeling of peace began to settle down over Helen's heart.

Her mind began to run over the occurrences of the evening. In a sense Warren had been right about not letting things go till the last minute. She began to see things from his angle.

No wonder he was cross, expecting to go out to dinner and then having to break the engagement because of her tardiness. What a dear he had been, too, to take the entire thing on his own shoulders and to tell Mrs. Patton that a nervous headache had prostrated Helen at the last minute. What had made her think he was stupid? Too often things happened through her own carelessness, and without stopping to reason she blamed Warren and nursed a secret grief down deep in her heart.

With a sudden resolution she arose and went into the living room and dropped down beside Warren where he was seated reading the paper.

"Dear, I'm sorry, it was all my fault."

"What's that, your fault?" Well, suppose it was. I needn't have been so cross about it. And throwing the paper to the floor, Warren drew her up to his knee. "Pretty comfortable, eh?" he said, after a quiet moment.

Helen nestled closer to him. "And I'm glad we didn't go anywhere. I wasn't keen about it, was I?"

"Sister mine," he called, and a beautiful white swan came fluttering to the door. "You're just a little single," said the prince, and a swan as Puss did the lovely swan turned into a beautiful princess, who then became about her brother's neck, and best of all, it offered a new method for solving disagreements in the future. "Certain it was that Warren loved her and that she loved him, and in any married life what else mattered?"

To Be Continued.

## This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of General Grant's start, in 1877, on his famous tour of the world. The great Union general visited the chief countries of the globe and was everywhere received with the honor due to his military genius and his sterling personal character.

## To My Sweetheart Soldier

MISSIVE FROM WIFE TO HER HUSBAND  
Every Girl Has a Sweetheart—So Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters.

### Sweetheart Soldier:

When I woke up this morning, my pillow was wet with tears, and I was saying aloud: "I want my husband, I want my husband!" Beloved, this ache of loneliness grows some times so unbearable that the war can't come first in my heart, no matter how hard I try. What does the Hindenburg line mean to me when my soul cries out in longing for you? But this feeling of weakness soon passes away. Your dear eyes look at me reproachfully, and you seem to say, "Nothing matters so much in all the world as this war. It must come first. No private and personal feeling can or should stand in the clear light of duty." And I try to perform mine here. I know I am in your blood and spirit over there and I know you are beside me with patient and loving encouragement over here. Those who love are never really separated. Does not the Bible say "And they shall be no more twain but one?" Love is invincible. "Waters cannot drown it, neither floods overflow it." With its sister, Faith, can remove mountains. All these women everywhere in the world, with hearts full of love for soldier sons, or sweethearts or husbands, will stop the war suddenly some day, by their power of loving; or God will stop it for them!

The Bible says "God is love," but that is too difficult to understand. I prefer to think that love is God. Some of our poor souls can't rightly understand what God is, but what one of us does not know the joy and power and might of LOVE? Your letter today, beloved, told us that you were ten miles from the place of your last letter. I never knew that a country on the face of the earth could be bigger than France is, when I try to locate the one little spot where you are. I have made myself a war map by pasting together bits and particles of maps that appear in the newspapers. And I have a very credit-

able Hindenburg line, which looks much like an ample angle worm writhing in death agony. If I only had one spot as a star in place, I could follow you along every day, with the point of my pencil.

The general thinks we are approaching the absolute crisis of the war now. He argues that the recent drive of the Germans presages the end. Such has been the history of warfare through the lifetime of the world. If we could only have a big enough battle it would end everything—just like Waterloo and Gettysburg.

The crying of extras on the street is becoming more and more persistent. I am sure you have nothing over there which is more nerve racking, than the cry of an extra to us here. It is the weirdest sound! It comes at any time, mostly at night, when one is sound asleep, and it rises and falls like a kind of mournful chant. You can't understand a single word. It just pricks out of the darkness and stops your heart beating, with a premonition of disaster—you know not what. And now I am going to take an extra look at the ample angle worm, and see if I can find a spot that looks as if it were you. I am going to ask God to watch over and protect the whole line. In that way your little spot will not be overlooked. The face of Christ in the window seems turned to me tonight, and in those gentle eyes I read a better answer to my prayer. Oh, beloved, how weak we are, how very futile! The world hangs in the balance and God holds the scale! Hindenburg, and Foch, and Haig, and Pershing are but human beings, playing a game of pawns. The god of war, fighting with his flaming sword, and his terrible quick lightning—more powerful than any instrument of battle, sits in judgment, and will bring forth the issue. It is He who directs! It is He who will lead His children at last, and win the victory—into the promised land of peace.

GOOD-NIGHT, MY OWN.

## The Soldier and Fear

WHY THE BRAVE MAN FEELS IT.

By Brice Belden, M. D.

DR. GEORGE PATRICK regards fear as most valuable to a soldier. Through it he believes, but no individual soldier has ever been known to have courage enough to flee by himself. In fact, the group spirit rules on the field of battle more than anywhere else.

From the moment that the recruit arrives in the training camp he has learned to worry about his individual peculiarities. He becomes a part of a vast military organization, and he begins to think and feel no longer as an individual man but as a part of a larger social unit in this case a military unit.

In battle he may possibly have more fear than the others or less, but he will act much as they act. The ancient military spirit, the collective impulse, will determine his conduct. Fear he will have—without it he would be less a soldier—but it will probably not lead him to do anything unworthy.

Leaves the soldier attains his maximum power. It is fear that prepares the individual for moments of defense or fighting, through its effects upon the ductless glands. Thus the heart is stimulated, sugar is liberated from the liver with an instant increase of muscular energy. Fatigue is diminished, and blood is diverted from the digestive system to the legs, arms, lungs and heart. By far as group fighting is concerned, Dr. Patrick points out that while companies may become panic-stricken and flee if their morale is lost or if confidence in their officers is entirely different thing from the psychology of the individual. That we have long known. One will find himself doing things as a member of a mob that he would never think of doing as an individual. The atrocities committed by breaking hands furnish examples.

An army is a crowd, and in battle its members react alike and its union emotionally, and also not alike and in union.

However, it has been pointed out that there are certain abnormal phases of military psychology to which the foregoing general principles bear no relation.

In the subconscious mind of the private soldier of weak stamens there is a wish to be captured, since this would end his poverty borne responsibilities honorably.

In the subconscious mind of the officer a wish to be killed, since death would end the responsibilities which he is unable to carry. This wish occasionally finds expression in the shape of suicide.

Fear in the normal man causes actions and reactions that make him a better commander or a better soldier, and fear if their morale is lost or if confidence in their officers is entirely different thing from the psychology of the individual. That we have long known. One will find himself doing things as a member of a mob that he would never think of doing as an individual. The atrocities committed by breaking hands furnish examples.

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